

All Dolled Up

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Summary: I was inspired by the life-size doll of Mr. Gold that was used on last Sunday's episode. Belle goes to Jefferson's tailor shop, and is surprised by what she finds in the backroom.

All Dolled Up

****I could not get the life-size Mr. Gold doll out of my head, hence he inspired this story.****

****Belle goes to Jefferson's tailor shop, and is surprised by what she finds in his backroom.****

Belle, giddy with excitement walked as fast as her four inch heels would carry her to Hatter's Design Studio. She smiled and nodded as Sister Blue approached, pretending not to notice the unlawful once over the nun bestowed upon her. Hit by a wave of insecurity, she glanced down at her outfit. Her red and black jacket, over her white blouse, paired with a black leather skirt and black hose, may not meet the level of modesty for a nun, but Belle thought she personified a level of class, with a hint of youthful appeal for a librarian. Before she could lose herself further in a pool of self-doubt, she reached her destination.

"Well hello there little rabbit." Jefferson tipped his top hat as Belle walked into his store.

"Hello Jefferson," Belle giggled at his term of endearment for her. He had bequeathed her with the nickname, when he came into the library one day to donate some fashion magazines he no longer needed to the library. Watching her hop patron to patron, helping anyone who needed it with a smile, and of course the fact that he saw her snacking on baby carrots behind her desk, resulted in her baptism, of 'little rabbit.'

She glanced around the small storefront, entranced with the framed design sketches along the walls. Her eyes, landed on an ornate design, of a black sequined ball gown, with frilled lace on the skirt.

"I remember seeing this dress in the Storybrooke Times a few weeks ago," Belle wide eyed, declared pointing at the sketch. "Mayor Mills wore it to her re-election party."

"You have quite the eye, and memory, little rabbit. Indeed our Mayor was an absolute heavenly vision wearing it, but if only the paper could have seen the devil she was when trying it on for the first time. Knowing she was my most high profile client, she decided to become my most difficult. She complained about the fitting, the buttons on the back, as well as the stitch, she complained about everything. At her final fitting, I recall her telling me how she could find better quality off a rack in a second hand department store."

"Well I think its beautiful Jefferson. And so did anyone who saw that picture of her in the paper. You have a real talent." She could have sworn that a small blush passed his cheeks at her praise of his work.

"You're too kind little rabbit. Nowâ€¦" Taking Belle's hands he twirled her in front of him.

"What will we make for you?"

Laughing, Belle steadied herself after the impromptu spin.

"Jefferson, you really don't have to, I can only imagine what one of your custom designs goes for, and you really don't have toâ€¦"

He placed his hand up, cutting her off.

"My Grace would never have passed history, if not for all the help that you gave her, with her final project."

"I just helped her like any librarian would."

"Not every librarian goes out of her way, to special order the books that she would need, and stay well after her shift at the library to help her, while her father was swamped with his work . "

Feeling guilty for his generosity, she opened her mouth to protest, but Jefferson shot her a stern face.

"Just let me make you a dress, Belle."

Biting her bottom lip, Belle knew that her mild protest was falling on deaf ears. An infectious smile spread across her face, as she nodded in agreement. Jefferson guided her back to the red curtain that she assumed led to the back of his store.

"And now my dear, welcome to the world of imagination." He stated grandly, pulling back the red velvet.

Her mouth fell open, as she took in her surroundings. A crystal

chandelier hung from the ceiling. The wall to her left was covered with two huge mirrors. Three long tables covered in a variety of fabrics, were spread about the pale yellow painted room. Taking another step into the room, Belle focused her attention to the right, where she noticed the back of a very well dressed man with shoulder length grey hair. A mix of shock and desire flooded her nervous system.

"Mr. Gold," her voice shrieked involuntarily. "I didn't know you would be here."

Taking a surprise step back, Belle's balance faltered as she found herself stumbling out of her left shoe. She quickly bent down, placing the heel back on her foot. She instantly stood back up, lifting her hands to her hair trying to straighten herself before he turned around. She heard heavy laughter behind her. Circling around she saw Jefferson his head tilted back, laughing hysterically.

Embarrassment bubbled in her core. She glanced back at Mr. Gold, who had not moved an inch.

"Oh my, you silly little Rabbit." Jefferson spat out as he strided past her and towards Mr. Gold. Before Belle could say a word, Jefferson's hand landed on Mr. Gold's shoulder, spinning him around.

Belle heard the rolling of wheels on the wood floor before her mind processed what she saw before her. It was in fact not Mr. Gold. Well not the alive and breathing Mr. Gold. It was a doll. A doll dressed exactly like him, with a perfectly floofed grey wig.

"What?" a perplexed Belle asked looking at Jefferson. "What is that?"

Belle listened attentively as Jefferson went on to explain, how his biggest customer was Mr. Gold, and how Jefferson, hand tailored each one of his suits.

"When a man spends as much money as he does on his clothes, he expects only the best. And with his busy schedule, of scaring children and evicting tenants, he does not have the time or patience to come in for fittings. Hence, I developed him." Jefferson stood cocked, his elbow propped on the imposter's shoulder.

Belle just stared at the mannequin in disbelief.

"I took his measurements over a year ago, so the mannequin is his exact size. I had the wig made. Helps me to envision him when I'm making the suits."

Dazed, Belle could not believe how real it looked. She heard Jefferson say something, but it wasn't until she heard her name, did she snap out of her trance.

"What?"

"I said, are you ready to get started on your dress?"

"Myâ€¦my dress, umâ€¦yeahâ€¦my dress."

"My, my, you seem to have some trouble speaking now don't you little rabbit. And what might you be thinking about?"

Belle was sure her entire face turned scarlet.

He spun the doll around, so that the fake Mr. Gold was now facing back towards the wall.

Belle noticed the smug simper on his face as he approached her. "Now what type of dress shall we make you?"

"Something simple Jefferson. Unlike our Madam Mayor, I don't attend political balls, so I don't need anything fancy."

"No," he said, circling around her like a shark, examining her frame. "Something classy, yet sexy. Something you can wear on a date that says, I'm a lady, but a vixen underneath."

"Jefferson," Belle snickered out.

"Since I have had a grand total of zero dates since I moved here six months ago, I think it should be something more for work."

"That's not what I've heard." Jefferson recounted, as he raised Belle's arms up, taking off the tape measure that hung around his neck.

"And what exactly have you heard?" Belle questioned, as Jefferson enclosed the tape around her chest, and moved to take her waist measurements.

"Oh just that you and a certain, well dressed pawnbroker, seem to have a great fondness for each other."

"It's not like that Jefferson, we are just friends." Belle's mind trailed off wondering what the correct term was for what they were. >Belle went on to explain to Jefferson that it was three months ago, that she had ventured off into the Pawnshop one Sunday afternoon. It was then that she had laid eyes on the most gorgeous man she had ever seen. She was not only fascinated by the collection of first editions that he had in his shop, but by the pawn broker, himself. His Scottish brogue made her weak in the knees, and soon she found herself visiting his shop over her lunch breaks. After a few weeks they settled into a weekly routine, of Belle visiting his shop every Tuesday and Thursday during her lunch break. He would offer her tea, and then they would talk about anything and everything.<p>

After a month of this, Belle had hoped that he would ask her out. She tried flirting, but he never made a move. Just last week, Belle had mentioned that her favorite musical Phantom of the Opera was coming to New York City. She had planned on asking him if he wanted to go with her, but she could not seem to find the courage, whenever she was in his presence.

"You've got it bad little rabbit."

"He's not interested Jefferson." Belle couldn't help but glance back at the doll standing in the corner of the room. "He's, well look at him."

Jefferson glanced over to the mannequin, and back at Belle. "Well, he is the best dressed man in town," Jefferson shrugged, "well after myself of course. But little rabbit, I think you underestimate your appeal. Your company must be quite valuable to him."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because you aren't having tea and conversations with a doll, little rabbit. As long as I have known him, he hasn't liked spending time with anyone, until you." Jefferson continued taking her measurements, as Belle pondered on his assessment.

"You need to just ask him out, little rabbit."

Easier said than done, Belle thought, when she heard ringing. Jefferson ran over to one of the long tables covered in fabric, snatching his phone.

"Hello Emma."

Overhearing part of the conversation, Belle surmised that Henry had gotten sick, and that Jefferson needed to pick up his daughter from Emma's house. Snapping his phone shut, Jefferson, looked over at Belle.

"I'll only be gone for twenty minutes. I got to go pick up my Grace, Emma can't watch her."

"It's okay Jefferson, really. I can go; we can do this another time."

"No, no." Jefferson pulled out a stool from under one of the tables, tapping the top of it.

"Just sit right here, and I will be back in no time. Grace will love to see you, plus we still have some talking to do about," Jefferson cupped one hand around his mouth, while he pointed at the gray haired mannequin, "You know who."

A laugh bubbled from Belle's chest as she watched Jefferson leave the room.

Belle sat on the stool, staring at the wall for at least five minutes, before her curiosity won out. Slowly she walked over to the doll, still not quite believing that it wouldn't spring to life any moment. Lifting her hand cautiously, she touched his back. Now that she was so close, she could see how the mannequin was built. The doll stood on a small platform on small roller wheels with a small pipe running up it to stand straight.

With a small blush Belle lifted the back of his jacket. She always wondered what his butt would feel like in her hand. Bringing her small hand up to his rear, she gave a quick squeeze feeling the suit material, and hard plastic underneath. Laughing at herself, she quickly dropped her hand back to her side. She spun the doll around, but felt a wave of disappointment as she looked into the void plastic face.

The painted blue eyes seemed like an abomination.

"You don't have his eyes." She said sadly inches away from his face. "Those liquid brown chocolate eyes that with one look could have me on my knees ."

Her eyes then glanced down to the pale rubber lips. She rubbed her thumb over them. "You don't have his pale warm, come hither and kiss me lips." Belle leaned into his neck, breathing in its scent. "You don't smell like him either."

Disappointed Belle stepped back, at the con before her. Her lips quirked in a small smile when she looked at his head.

"But you do have his hair." She said more proudly. Lifting her hand, she ran her fingers through it. "If you only knew how long I have wanted to do that."

Belle began to snicker at herself. "What am I doing?" She placed her hands up to her face, shaking her head in disbelief. "Am I really flirting to a bad replica doll of you?"
>Maybe Jefferson was right. Maybe she should just go ahead and ask him out.<p>

She looked back at the doll. Why was she feeling nervous, it was just practice?

"So Mr. Gold, I was wondering if you have ever had a burger at Granny's?" She raised her eyebrows, and bit her bottom lip. "Of course he's had a burger, Belle." She moaned, fighting with herself. Straightening again, she took another shot.

"Mr. Gold I was wondering if you would like to come over to my place sometime?" Belle threw her head back with a sigh. Why wasn't anything coming out that sounded right? "Cause that doesn't sound like a 1940's movie, Belle." Smirking to herself Belle had another idea.

"Mr. Gold you look very fine, in your suit," she leaned into the doll, placing her hand on his shoulder. "But I bet you look even better without it. So why don't we just cut to the chase." She grabbed his rubber hand and held it in hers. "I came here for something hot and sweet and I don't mean the tea." Dropping his dead hand, Belle couldn't help but laugh at herself, she was hopeless.

Trying a different scenario, Belle decided to sway to imaginary music.

"I really love this song." She continued to move, and giggle. "Would you care to dance Mr. Gold?" She held out her hand. Taking a step forward, she moved his right hand on her back, keeping her hand on top of it, to hold it in place. Taking her other hand in his, she started to sway with the mannequin.

"You dance very well, Mr. Gold," Belle said in her most sultry tone. "I've always wondered what it would feel like to have your hands on me."

As Belle continued to sway, the wheels on the mannequin started to roll, allowing Belle to widen her dance moves. Laughing, Belle

twirled with her Mr. Gold, as she moved about the room. As she spun, she saw a blur of a someone standing by the curtain. Nearly jumping out of her skin, Belle immediately stopped dancing, letting go of the mannequin, as it continued to roll by itself until hitting the side of a table.

It felt like the world was moving in slow motion as she lifted her gaze from the floor, to see the real Mr. Gold standing a few feet away. His mouth was agape, his eyes wide.

>The adrenaline in her body was pumping throughout her veins, startling her into complete silence. She stood there, her hands gripping the sides of her leather skirt.
After what felt like hours of total silence Belle opened her mouth to speak.

"Iâ€|.Iâ€|Iâ€|wasâ€|Iâ€|.I"

She watched his brows furrow as he continued to just stare at her. He finally closed his mouth, and just as it looked he was going to speak, he swallowed his words.

Belle felt hot tears pooling in her eyes, as she whispered, "I'm sorry." Having no idea what else to say, she bolted passed him, and out the front door. She ran as fast as her heels could carry her, until she reached the safety of the library. Once indoors, she slid down the door into a ball, and cried.

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>It had been two weeks. Two long, heartbroken, lonely weeks, since Belle had humiliated herself in front of Mr. Gold. Two weeks, since she danced around like a fool with a doll while the man who held her heart looked on. What must he think of her? Belle pondered as she sat glumly behind the checkout desk. She had been so mortified of what Mr. Gold saw, and probably heard, that she had spent the last two weeks avoiding him. Her heart hurt, as Tuesday, then Thursday went by, and she stayed back in the library instead of venturing to the pawnshop for their weekly tea and conversation. She missed seeing his face, his smile, and his voice.<p>

But since he made no attempt to come see her at the library or inquire about her absence, she had taken it upon herself to assume that he was just as appalled and embarrassed by her actions as she was. She had ruined everything. Belle decided that night, she would send him a letter, apologizing, for her foolish girlish crush, and behavior that day. Plead with him to forget what he saw, and ask if they could go back to being friends. She wanted him in her life, even if it was just as a friend.

Belle's phone vibrated. Looking down she was surprised to see that she had a text from Jefferson.

'Can you come to the shop at 8 tonight?'

Belle sighed. She had not heard from Jefferson, since she called him the day after her humiliation. She left him a long rambling voicemail of her mostly crying, telling him why she left the shop , and apologizing profusely to him, praying that she had not cost him one of his most valuable customers.

She had not received a return call, but a text from Jefferson, a

couple of hours later, with a simple,

'I will talk with you later rabbit. I have a rush order that needs my full attention.'

Now he wanted to see her. Belle felt a wave of nausea knowing that she needed to face Jefferson. She hated conflict, and knew that she deserved to be scolded by her friend. She would apologize to him for acting like a fool in his shop, and pray that he would eventually forgive her. Her fingers trembled as she typed her reply.

'I will see you at 8.'

Time seemed to drag and yet fly by when Belle closed the library at 7:30. She thought about stopping at the drug store, and picking up a bottle of wine, as an apology gift for Jefferson, but then thought better of it. She could possibly have cost him thousands of dollars in business from losing Mr. Gold as a client, and a fifteen dollar bottle of wine seemed a terrible consolation prize. With a pit in her stomach, Belle walked to Hatter's Designs, awaiting her fate. She reached the door, taking a deep breath, closing her eyes to prepare for the disdain that she was to face, and turned the knob.

"Hello Belle."

Jefferson was standing, his hands behind his back, rocking back and forth on his tip toes. His serious tone had an immediate effect on Belle. She felt her eyes watering, as she looked at him.

"I'm so sorry Jefferson. I don't know what got into me that day." She claimed in a hushed tone. "I know I upset Mr. Gold with my actions, and I am going to try and make amends with him. I promise I will let him know that you had nothing to do with my behavior in your store." Tears slipped down her cheeks as she apologized.

"Why don't we go in the back to continue this," he said gesturing to the curtain.

Wiping the tears from her cheeks, Belle nodded. "Of course. Of course."

Looking out the large glass windows of the storefront. "I don't want to cause anymore scenes in your place of business." She didn't want anyone passing by to look in and see her crying in Jefferson's shop. She walked passed Jefferson, who was holding the curtain back, when she stopped dead in her tracks.

In the middle of the room, stood the Mr. Gold doll, fully dressed, a fine tailored suit on its body, with a dark blue shirt, and burgundy tie. Belle gasped, as she saw the smaller shoulder length chestnut hair mannequin standing next to him. A dress of the most beautiful shade of blue tightly wrapped around the doll, with a matching burgundy belt, that matched the exact colors to Mr. Gold's shirt and tie.

Turning with questions in her eyes, Belle was surprised to find Jefferson no longer standing behind her. She stood there speechless looking at the pair of dolls, when she heard a slight cough from the corner of the room.

"Hello Belle."

She turned to see Mr. Gold standing quietly looking at her with a soft expression on his face.

"Mr. Gold. Iâ€|howâ€|hello." She looked like a doe caught in the headlights.

He walked towards her slowly, afraid that he might spook her if he moved faster.

Belle looked down to the floor. "I wanted to apologize to you for my behavior," her eyes still glued to the floor when she saw his black well-polished shoes standing only inches away from her. She looked up, caught in his brown eyes. She couldn't look away from him.

"I think I should be the one apologizing to you Belle. You see I've been a coward."

Belle shook her head no, her eyes still locked on his.

"Yes, I have. You see, I have been utterly captivated by your wit and charm, and beauty for the last few months, but I was afraid to ask a woman like yourself out on a date. You see I am a monster, who could easily mistake the slightest bit of kindness for interest. And well, I'm afraid I convinced myself that it was kindness that brought you to my shop. But, well when I arrived here, a few weeks ago, I saw you sitting there on that stool. And you looked so beautiful. I was trying to gain my courage to come talk to you, since I was not within my own confines, and had no tea to offer you, so I didn't know exactly how to approach you. But then when I overheard you talking toâ€|me or rather him." Gold gestured to the mannequin of himself in the middle of the room.

"I thought maybe I had died and gone to heaven, when I heard the things you were saying. I wanted to tell you that I was there, but hearing you say those things, I think I was shocked into silence."

Belle glanced back down at the floor, but felt his fingers under her chin, lifting her face to look at him.

"Did you mean it Belle? The things you said that day."

He looked at her with nothing but wonder and hope.

Biting her bottom lip, Belle shook her head, before responding in a soft hoarse, "yes."

Using every ounce of bravery, she lifted her hand and ran her fingers through his hair, pushing his hair back behind his ears. It was softer than she had ever imagined. She heard Gold suck in a breath.

Belle's breathing shallowed, as she glanced down at his pink soft lips. Belle brought her lips towards his, and Gold closed the gap, as their mouths clashed together. Gold groaned as Belle opened her mouth allowing him more access. After a minute Belle slowly pulled away, with Gold following her lips, not wanting to end the kiss. Belle smiled at him. He smiled back, and then his brows shot

up.

"Tickets."

"Huh?" Belle questioned as Gold started patting his jacket, and then reached into his suit pocket, pulling out a white envelope. Looking back up at her, Gold smiled.

"Belle would you like to go on a date with me this weekend? I got tickets to the Phantom of the Opera, I know you mentioned wanting to see it. I was hoping you would go with me." His voice grew more nervous as his confidence started to falter. "I also would love to take you to dinner, and then the show. I mean of course that is if you don't have plans Saturday."

Placing her hands on either side of his face, Belle pulled him in again for a quick kiss. "I would love to Mr. Gold."

"Rum, please call me Rum."

"I would love to Rum"

He pulled her back into him, as their lips meshed. Things were getting pretty heated, when Belle heard an "ahem" behind them.

Both smiling, Belle turned to find Jefferson holding up one finger.

"I would like to be the first to tell you both, that it was about damn time." He scratched his chin with his finger, as if he was deeply thinking. "Whatever will you wear for your date this weekend?"

Belle laughed turning back to the two life size dolls of herself and Gold in the middle of the room.

"So this was your rush order?" she questioned Jefferson. He shrugged, looking at Gold.

"Well when your most prized customer, needs a dress for his new girlfriend, with the instructions, that it must match her," Jefferson glanced at Gold. "What was it you said, that matched her hypnotizing blue eyes?"

Belle wrapped her arm around Gold, as he slipped his around her waist.

"Don't worry, I'll have the clothes of the dummies by the end of the day, and on you two dummies by this weekend."

Turning to look at the man she loved Belle had never felt such a feeling of happiness.

"Mr. Gold, have you ever had a burger at Granny's?"

"Why Ms. French, are you asking me out?"

"I am indeed Mr. Gold."

Arm in arm, Belle and Rum strolled out of Hatter's Designs for a late

dinner at Granny's.

One Year Later

"Papa, are you almost done?"

Grace looked at the pair of dolls standing in the middle of the room.

"They look like giant cake toppers Papa."

Chuckling Jefferson smiled at his daughter

He stepped over to his Grace, hopping over the yards of satin and lace that encompassed his floor. "Their wedding is only two weeks away, and I still have to make your flower girl dress." Picking up Grace, Jefferson glanced back at the two life size dolls of Gold and Belle, admiring the custom black suit, and white wedding dress that adorned them.

End
file.